

I. Post

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 300 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

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WHOLE NO. 152.

## The Principles of Nature.

THE ANGEL OF LOVE.

BY LIDA.

A white-robed angel of pure seraphic beauty, with an eye beaming with pensive thought and a soul full of gushing tenderness—a countenance lit up with majestic benignity, and a form of ethereal loveliness, with voice blending harmoniously with the music of the celestial spheres—left her bright home, and on wings of viewless air sought the abode of the *supernal* world. This bright angel wore upon her head a wreath of amaranthine flowers, in which was ingeniously wrought these words—"Love never faileth." The angel's countenance now shone with resplendent light, for her mission was one of love to fallen humanity.

As she approached the supernal spheres her soul was filled with unspeakable delight. Floods of light burst upon her, not only clear and effulgent, but as transparent as the purest crystal. She paused a moment to drink in the beauteous light which surrounded her. She listened with rapture to the music which filled the air and resounded from sphere to sphere, till it reached the throne of the Eternal. Not long did she pause, for she glanced down far below—down, down to the rudimentary world; and as she beheld the weary pilgrim, with lacerated, bleeding feet, treading earth's tiresome pathway, love, pity, and sympathy took possession of her generous soul. She moved on toward a bright circle that was chanting the song of the redeemed. The Angel of Love knelt before the throne, and thus addressed them:

"Angel-choristers, who so touchingly chant the song of welcome—ye who have arrived at this high summit of progression, and have had written upon your foreheads, 'Wisdom, Truth, Love'; listen, O listen to the words which love in its artlessness may speak."

"Tis a calm, holy hour, the hour of twilight; a group of mourners is seen by the lifeless body of a cherished friend. They have refused to be comforted, for they fear the dead will not live again. They see no fairy bowers where a loved friend is met by angels, and crowned with a wreath of fadeless beauty. They hear not the rich music breathed from angel harps as they chant the glad song of welcome. Neither do they see the white-robed Spirit which but a few hours before inhabited the clay-cold form before them. They see her not enveloped in the calm breezes of immortal love; they see not the softened beauty that now lights up the new-born Spirit. All to them is dark. But hark! what were those sylvan sounds?—whence comes that gentle whisper?—what fairy-like forms are those gliding about the room, seen only by the visionist? A glad smile now lights up the mourners' sad faces, for the twin angels, Hope and Love, have succeeded in whispering into their ears words of *peace*. In her hands have placed immortal flowers, and have revealed to her the glad tidings of the soul's capacity to again visit the earth.

The angel's work is now commenced. The dark, loathsome prison is visited. Hope and Love are now found kneeling beside the condemned. Hope whispers of the "better land," Love places her hand upon the stiffened limbs and gently raises the cold chain that it may not press too heavily upon the already swollen cords. She addresses him as she has others, who have drunk deep from sorrow's cup. Her voice is as soft as the gentle snow-flake. It has no note of bitterness—no words of reproach. She drops tears upon his aching head; she soothes away his despair, and chases the dark shadows from his soul; she breathes into his disturbed spirit the serene breath of peace. Love flows into all his being; he bows his head and weeps like a child. Then there are heard sweeter accents still, for a voice of gushing melody is saying, "Go, and sin no more."

While Hope and Love are traversing from city to city, from heart to heart, strange rumors are abroad in the rudimentary sphere. The cry of "humbug and delusion" falls on the ear. The forces of opposition have been set in motion. Wise men investigate the new and strange doctrine of "heaven open to man." In upper rooms may be found philosophers, moralists, doctors of divinity, editors, lawyers, physicians, men of science, professors of chemistry, electricity, mesmerism, psychology, etc., all devising ways and means to retard the progress of angels. They hint at prisons—at shutting up houses of worship—thinking thus to keep out ministering Spirits. They say, "This agitation must be stopped. The world is running mad; Spiritualism threatens to overturn our 'beloved institutions'; many are leaving our churches." "Our craft is in danger," says the physician; "the sick are healed, the blind are made to see, the lame to walk, and more wonderful things are done at the present time than were done in the days of Christ."

The Angel of Love again raised her tearful eyes and said: "It is because man is so lost in worldliness that I plead so earnestly. I know he has err'd; I know he has sinned; I know he is unworthy; but I know he is capable of attaining the highest angelic elevation. Our love should be greater, far greater, than his folly."

The rich intonations of the Spirit-voice have ceased; the angel's head has bowed; an angel's tears are bathing the feet of those exalted Spirits, Wisdom and Truth. Silence reigns. The music of the adjoining spheres is hushed, and all is still.

But soon sweet melodies are heard, and as the sounds die away in the distance, a Spirit bright and heavenly advances. He approaches the Angel of Love, gently raises her drooping head, and gazes lovingly into her softened eyes. "Thou ministering Spirit—sweet child of sympathy and consolation—I have come from my Father's throne to lay my hand upon thy head, and to bless thee, dear child of pity. Thy pleading voice has found its way to the heavenly Father's ear, and to each throbbing heart. Thou hast plead for wearied humanity. Strike anew the golden harps. Let your glad psalms be raised higher, still higher; but let softness mingle with the strain. An angel's tear has fallen. From that tear soft rivulets shall flow; from those opening buds which deck thy brow shall sweet flowers bloom, and they will emit heavenly fragrance. Wisdom and Truth dared not send thee on so great, so high a mission. They are not as trusting as thou. With all their wisdom they see not what thou seest—that love

is stronger than hate; that good is more powerful than evil; that peace is more eloquent than war. Right will conquer; love never faileth. Go, my child, and my Spirit shall accompany thee. I know that the world still needs angels of love to awaken it from its long, long sleep."

The Angel of Love raised her drooping head and laid it gently upon the Saviour's breast. A throng of bright spirits now approached and cast garlands at his feet. Little children came also with pale blue and white flowers, and scattered them upon the head of the Saviour—who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." The calm and placid angel called Hope now came near, and drew Love to his side, and said: "I have brought thee a wreath of evergreens, interspersed with white roses. I would now place it upon thy brow, for the hour has come for thee to depart on thy errand of mercy. The hour may come when thou wilt be desponding. Let me be by thy side to whisper words of hope and encouragement. Sister, let me go with thee."

The Angel of Love was almost entranced by the music of Hope's sweet voice, and in like-tones she thus replied: "Speak on, oh, speak on, sweet Angel of Hope; the soft melodies of thy voice will fall like healing balm upon the hearts of crushed humanity. Breath thy inspiration alike upon those who grope in darkness, as upon those who revel in heaven's radiant sunlight. Speak as lovingly to the guilty soul as to the more pure in heart. Yes, we will go together—together will we comfort the mourner, and lift up the bowed soul so that it will be able to drink in the beauty and grace of these celestial spheres."

"Tis a calm, holy hour, the hour of twilight; a group of mourners is seen by the lifeless body of a cherished friend. They have refused to be comforted, for they fear the dead will not live again. They see no fairy bowers where a loved friend is met by angels, and crowned with a wreath of fadeless beauty. They hear not the rich music breathed from angel harps as they chant the glad song of welcome. Neither do they see the white-robed Spirit which but a few hours before inhabited the clay-cold form before them. They see her not enveloped in the calm breezes of immortal love; they see not the softened beauty that now lights up the new-born Spirit. All to them is dark. But hark! what were those sylvan sounds?—whence comes that gentle whisper?—what fairy-like forms are those gliding about the room, seen only by the visionist? A glad smile now lights up the mourners' sad faces, for the twin angels, Hope and Love, have succeeded in whispering into their ears words of *peace*. In her hands have placed immortal flowers, and have revealed to her the glad tidings of the soul's capacity to again visit the earth.

There is a pause in heaven—the angel band have laid aside their golden harps; hushed are their soft-breathing melodies; entrancing music which but a moment before filled the heavenly spheres now dies away in softest cadence. What has hushed those dulcet strains? What magic power has thus silenced the angel songsters?

Those sweet ministrants have met the uplifted eye of the Angel of Love! Beside her is a human spirit. Dark spots are seen upon this new-born soul. Love has placed her arm about her and is gently pointing the way to the upper spheres. The angels gaze with glowing admiration upon the advancing Spirit. They pause until the new-born soul has power to listen to their entrancing music.

But see! they wait not till the weary one reaches them, but on wings of love they hasten to assist the wanderer to rise to their home of beauty and repose.

Now the Spirit advances rapidly; she is encircled by a holy throng; little children scatter flowers along her path; Hope is whispering of fairy bowers where Peace is twining immortal buds to deck the ransomed Spirit. In this bower of love the soul now pauses, lifts her longing eyes to brighter realms, and views with rapturous delight the flowing waters of progression dancing in the beauteous sunlight. She almost fancies she hears their gentle murmurings, and she longs to bathe her fevered brow in this river of life as it flows on peacefully through shady groves, where perched upon leafy boughs the gentle white dove, bearing an olive leaf, emblematical of peace, purity, perfection, and love.

Hark! what mean those heavenly voices? Whence comes that dulcet strain? Again there is joy in heaven, for a dark Spirit is born into the glorious sunlight of love. The lost is found, and there is great joy in heaven over the sinner that repented!

But where is the Angel of Love? Has she folded her bright pinions, and does she now rest from her labors? Nay; her mission is not yet ended. So long as there is one child of sorrow; so long as one mourner weeps in gloomy silence, or one lone Spirit laments in sadness; so long as one crushed heart pulsates with woe; so long as the weary pilgrim treads earth's toilsome pathway, so long will the Angel of Love come to the earth-sphere. She will not leave earth's children destitute; she will come and fan our weary brow, and soft breezes from heavenly hills will cool our restless flesh.

Thus the wise men talk; they make suggestions, they guess, but all to no purpose. The angels are working still; numberless Spirits now filling the air. Love and Hope have prepared the way; they heed not the warning voice of the conservative. Yes, not earthly power can chain an angel form—no "evangelical" body can hush an angel's whisper. Priestcraft may rear its powerful head and deal out its anathemas, yet it has not power to hide angel-forms from those whose inferior vision has been opened, and who have had revealed to them the ineffable loveliness of the celestial spheres.

There is joy in heaven, for the twin-angels have returned.

## SPIRIT-PROPHECIES [AND WARNINGS].

The following was received on the 25th of November. The medium felt impressed to retire from his room and write. On taking up the pen he felt impressed to write the following names.

General Jackson, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, J. Q. Adams; to which were appended, when it was announced, these words:

"A circle of Wisdom, Science, and Statesmanship." The writing then proceeded.

Canst thou learn the lessons they would teach, and improve by knowing them? Then know that in thy own country Spirits are operating to enlighten and reform mankind. They seem not to work, and still great things are accomplished.

European despotism is now warning with itself, and from its self-made ruins will arise freedom of thought and freedom of action. The great battle of Liberty is the *battle of God*, and it is now being fought. Russia will not be conquered, but will be paralyzed. France will be better prepared to sustain her Liberty when once it is attained, and England will lose all the prowess of monarchy. Turkey will be reformed and become severed from the wild traditions of Mohammed, and all Europe will become liberalized. This is the inevitable result, and God has determined it. The religion of the world must become the Humanitarian, and this will become general in a brief space of time, for God has willed it.

On the duty and destiny of America there is much we would say. It has been ordered, in the providence of God, that in this fruitful and extended country all the resources of material wealth should be deposited. Lakes and rivers for the supply of the vast inland with useful employment, and to afford easy access to the great oceanic border, abound. Mineral wealth is stored in its broad and fertile bosom, and only requires a small amount of enterprise to yield their treasures in abundance. As the forest yields to the axe of civilization, immense coal fields are discovered just beneath the crust of the soil. As the arts and sciences penetrate the extreme West, gold and the precious metals are found deposited in inexhaustible mines. Still more sure and unfailing wealth is everywhere ready to bless the husbandman's toil when applied with skill and adapted to the various grades of earth and climate. It is this alone that makes the Western World the home of the oppressed of all lands, and will make it the Eden of earth's loneliness for all time to come.

But this fair heritage—this hope of humanity—is in danger of forgetting its mission. It should ever stand up as the firm supporter of down-trodden humanity—the defender of its crushed, yet cherished hopes—the sustainer of its rights, and the advocate of justice to the poor of all lands. Yet, how is it with her now? Lecherous hands have stained the page of her history. Villainous hearts have marred the beauty of her bright escutcheon by leaving there the blot of their own vileness.

Selfish ambition has led those in high authority to disregard the rights of mankind, and barter the dearest principles of freedom by the most unprincipled political intrigues for individual promotion and base partisan interests. These things must not continue, for surely if they do, the opportunities of becoming foremost among nations in redeeming mankind and bringing in the glorious reigns of Peace, Liberty, and Love—or, in other words, of Fraternity, Justice, and Universal Right—will be lost, and some of the oppressed nations of the world will raise up the ensign of PROGRESS AND LIBERTY, and gather the nations beneath its folds, while America will become a by-word and a reproach to all people.

This is no idle dream, but an "imposing reality, and the altar-fires of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome, which shone so brightly once, then dimmed and went out when the rust of avarice and the canker of licentiousness caused them to be neglected, speak more than prophecy to the people of the United States.

Let them remember that the blood of their Revolutionary battle-fields was spilled for Liberty—that the years of their patient founders were spent in sacrifice and toil to lay the foundation of that temple which Egypt, Greece, and Rome had failed to build—that "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" were pledged to sustain it, and their whole energies were devoted in uprearing its pillars. Let them know, that, with the holy angels, their pure Spirits are now beholding, with anxiety for the good of mankind, the course pursued by the people and those in authority, and that their great Spirit-hearts throb with the warm pulsations of earnest regard for the well-being of this Republic, which they still hope to see perpetuated and its boundaries enlarged until it shall embrace in the "Model Government" all the nations of the earth.

People of America, will you see your country rise in the glory of her mighty prowess as an arbiter of peace among nations? Will you help to perpetuate her free institutions and to lead her to this her most glorious destiny—to become the mother of disenthralled nations, whose full breasts shall give nourishment to humanity redeemed! Then battle on, and always for the Right. Let your great national heart always beat in union with Liberty, and the nation's voice ever sound for the release of the oppressed. Let the moral sense of the whole people ever be roused against wrong, and the spirit of true charity always be brought to operate upon the wrong doer;

then shall your nation indeed be blessed, and under the favor of Heaven rise in the glory and grandeur of her moral worth, and in the store of individual and collective worth, above all others.

The mission of these States is but just commenced. A career of prosperity and usefulness unrivaled in all the past, with prudent councils and judicious direction, awaits the future of Young America. A halo of glory which the nations have never seen surrounds her days of promise. The Goddess of Liberty has brought all her deified powers to bear for her advancement; and now will she not with joy fulfill her whole destiny? One thing alone gives token of fear. It is that feeling of diversity of interest which is tending to divide the unity of feeling and action, and is operating to widen the breach between one another. Let Americans know that their interests and objects are one, that they have a common work and a common duty, and let them unite in performing it. There is no room for diversity in the work of redeeming mankind from the oppression of despotism, caste, or creed. All efforts in that direction tend one way, and must blend to be effectual.

The duty of all Americans, and of all who are intending to adopt America as their future home, is plain. All else must be laid aside and forgotten save a desire to perpetuate and adorn her free institutions, in order the more speedily to advance the Humanitarian age, when every man shall be a rightful sovereign inspired with the spirit of TRUE LIBERTY, and filled with Wisdom, Peace, and Plenty.

## MIRACLES IN NEW ORLEANS.

The following literal translation of a communication which we have received from a French newspaper of New Orleans will no doubt be of very great interest, as it refers directly to the mediumistic marbles and inexplicabilities that are now being developed. We have only to add that the communication comes to us well authenticated by collateral testimony. We have conversed with a French gentleman of this city who is intimately acquainted with the writer, and who assures us that the latter is a cool and scientific observer, and in every respect a reliable man. For the last fourteen years he has been connected with the head of Animal Magnetism, Psychology, etc., which numbers among its members several distinguished gentlemen, and with the rest the Hon. Felix Garcia, President of the Senate of Louisiana. These facts render it highly improbable that our correspondent has been deceived in his observations, or that he would by any means knowingly deceive others in relating them.

NEW ORLEANS, March 8, 1855.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Dear Sirs—Within about six weeks we have successively received, through an entranced medium (an orphan girl between thirteen and fourteen years of age), a quantity of articles which I will enumerate, in round numbers, as follows: Sixty engravings on paper; one small silver crucifix; fifty small silver medals (of different sizes); two small medals of gold, and ten small books. The engravings had almost all been made in Paris; they represent so many different religious subjects; they are of different shapes and sizes, but in general they measure about three inches wide, and five or six inches high; their edges are indented to the depth of from one half to three quarters of an inch; they are therefore fragile, but they nevertheless came to us without exhibiting a single fold, or being in the least degree crumpled. The medals all represent the Virgin Mary, and are such as many Catholics suspend from the necks of their children. The books are all works of piety, and are in conformity to the Roman faith. Only one of them is in English, this having more than 300 pages, of a size a little larger than the others. The others are in French, printed in France, having 284 pages, measuring two and a half inches one way, and three and a half inches the other, and being three quarters of an inch thick. All these books seem not to have been touched since they came from the hands of the bookbinder.

These were also sometimes given to the medium, in compliance with her request, some small pieces of money, which very often disappeared in her hand without our being able to see what became of them.

In these diverse operations the medium sometimes held her hand on the table, and sometimes under it. She would now and then say, "Give, then," or "Take, then," as if she were speaking to some one. If any one interrogated her on this subject, she would say she saw some children like herself. As for me, I confess I saw nothing of the kind.

We have taken that girl into several families where she was a stranger, and there also silver medals and books have been received. It is scarcely necessary to say that before commencing a sitting, measures were taken to assure ourselves that nothing was hidden either in the clothes of the medium or in the table.

Last Sunday I conducted her to a house where she had never been. The room was perfectly lighted. The table, which was very common one, having four legs and without a drawer, measured two feet wide and three feet long. The medium and the master of the house seated themselves at the sides of the table, and the mistress and her young daughter sat at the ends. Two other persons and myself remained a step from the table, and in such a position that we could see the hands of the medium. Within a few seconds the girl was

## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

*"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1855.

## APPENDIX TO THE CLEVELAND DISCUSSION.

In the report of the recent discussion at Cleveland, Ohio, between Messrs. Mahan, Rehn, and Tiffany, we find a brief statement by the first-named gentleman that demands a passing notice. In the course of the debate on the ninth evening, President Mahan had occasion to refer to the work entitled "Astounding Facts from the Spirit-World," when the following colloquy ensued. After briefly advertizing on the moral obliquity of Spirits, Mr. M. continued:

I will give a revelation from a book advertised as among their fundamental works, entitled, "Astounding Disclosures from the Spiritual World." I was told at the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH office that they were responsible for its being a Spirit production.

(Mr. Mahan then read an extract from the book, the substance of which was, that the "free love" doctrine was carried out in the Spiritual world, and would be ere long in this.) Mr. Tiffany, stepping up to the table and taking a pamphlet from it, looked at it a moment, and then inquired:

"Did you get that book at the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH office?"

Mr. Mahan, somewhat confused, "It was sent to the editor of the New York *Independent* to review, of whom I received it, and immediately took it to Mr. Britton, and asked him if it was a genuine work. He replied that he would be responsible for its being a Spirit-production, but not for the sentiments contained in it."

Mr. Tiffany, holding the pamphlet up to the audience, "Why, this book is not published by Partridge & Britton. It is the Free-Will Baptist Quarterly Review."

Stamping and confusion in the audience.

Mr. Mahan, more confused still— "I read an extract from the work from an article that periodical written by myself, and am responsible for it. It is quoted from the book, word for word. I have the book at home, and will get it," making a motion as if going.

Mr. Tiffany, "No, no; that is not necessary."

Mr. Mahan, "This is a communication coming from the highest spheres. And have any other Spirits spoken against it? I tell you that if these were pure Spirits, we should hear from the invisible world the voice of a great multitude crying out against such sentiments. They have never uttered a lip against such morality, and before God I hold them responsible for it."

President Mahan's account of his interview with the present writer is essentially erroneous. We well remember that a gentleman, who did not make himself known, came to our office some time since, and, exhibiting a copy of the book in question, solicited our opinion respecting its claims, at the same time remarking that he had obtained the book from the Editor of the *Independent*, but did not know whether the statements of the author were entitled to confidence. We replied, in substance, that while we, personally, did not accept that book as any authority in spiritual matters, or as containing an expression of the general views of Spiritualists, we, nevertheless, did believe that the author was serious, and that he had, in good faith, made this record of his individual experience.

*As to how far the facts of that experience were or are properly referable to spiritual causes, we did not presume to decide.*

Indeed, we have never expressed any opinion on this point, either to President Mahan or any other person. We may certainly endorse the good faith of Dr. Gridley without implying that we either accept his deductions from the facts recorded, or that Spiritualists are accustomed to conform their lives to the precepts of some unknown Spirit, whose intelligence and moral rectitude are called in question.

I have heard many well-authenticated facts relative to spiritual manifestations since I left New York; and that mediumism is being developed in most sections of the South. So great, however, is the hostile influence brought to bear by uneducated and bigoted clergymen that a large portion are prevented from the full unfolding of their gifts. If a net could be drawn over the South, which would retain in its meshes the Spiritual Facts which people the waters of truth therein, no twelve fishermen, even though Apostles, would be able to draw it in.

I will close by stating that I find my health improving under the influence of the genial Southern air, and by wishing you and all our friends, not alone the visiting of the outward, but also of the inward and eternal Spring.

## SAILED FOR EUROPE.

Dr. W. R. Hayden, Mrs. Hayden, and Miss Emma Frances Jay took passage in the Africa, which sailed from Boston on Wednesday last. During the ensuing season they will visit the World's Exhibition at Paris, and spend several months in London, for the purpose of extending the interest hitherto manifested in the investigation of modern Spiritual phenomena.

We trust that their visit will be productive of great good to the cause with which their names are identified, and that they may return to us in safety, with fresh hopes and inspirations, and with invigorated powers of body, mind, and spirit. The Old World needs a few such spiritual missionaries to inspire a better faith in God and immortality. Through these messengers of light the spirit of a living inspiration may breathe over the old desolation, and fresh, immortal flowers spring up and clothe the Eden made desolate by sectarian vandalism. The Angel of the Spiritual Era has set one foot on the continent of Europe, and waits to crown his ministers with victory in the early morning of the world's great day.

## IMPROVEMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Among the recent improvements in the Photographic Art we have witnessed nothing that will at all compare with the Ambrotypes furnished by J. REHN, at his American Gallery of Photography, 126 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and by James A. Cutting, 49 Tremont Street, Boston. The term employed to distinguish these pictures, and to characterize this last and greatest achievement in this department of art, is derived from the Greek word *Ambratos*, and implies that the object is *indefinable*. The process has been patented in the United States, England, and France, and the pictures so surpass all others in their remarkable beauty, durability, and relief, that they will doubtless soon supersede the ordinary Daguerreotype altogether, and, at the same time, leave us, in this respect, little to desire which art can accomplish.

The metallic plates used for daguerreotypes will not long resist the action of the atmosphere; hence the picture is gradually impaired, and in a few years loses its strength and beauty. But the Ambrotypes are free from this objection.

Moreover, they do not reverse the objects reflected, but represent every thing in its true position. The image of the object is reflected on a plate of French glass, the surface of which is previously subjected to the operation of certain chemical agents, and thus rendered sensitive to the action of light.

Another glass plate is then placed over the picture, and the two are hermetically sealed in such a manner that neither time nor the elements can impair the picture, which may be seen in any light. These exquisite specimens of art may be immersed in water for months together without the slightest injury, and it is believed that they will remain for ages without any perceptible change in their unequalled depth of light and shade, and the peculiar richness of their tone.

The Franklin Institute, at its late exhibition, awarded to Mr. Rehn the highest premium for his Ambrotypes; also for his Mezzographs, which are made perfect without the use of the artist's pencil. From one to one thousand impressions of the latter may be produced from a single sitting. The Mezzograph involves an improvement on the Crystalotype process, the picture being taken from life, and altogether superior in the accuracy of its details and the clearness of its effect. Mr. Rehn's AMBROTYPE STEREOSCOPES must be seen to be appreciated, for their bold relief and exquisite beauty somewhat transcend our powers of description.

A fine specimen of Prof. Rehn's Ambrotypes may be seen at this office.

## A FRAGRANT OFFERING.

Under this head we desire to acknowledge the receipt of a box of perfume from Mr. T. B. Neibert, Natchez, Miss., containing half a dozen bottles of the concentrated extract prepared by him, embracing the sweetbrier, patchouly, heliotrope, orange, musk rose, etc., all of a superior quality, as proved by the concurrent testimony of our "better half" and one of our own senses.

Some men lightly esteem the fragrant incense which Nature perpetually sends up from her floral altars; they appear to think that the choicest odors are of no real value in the Divine economy, and hence only fit to minister to the fastidious and perverted desires of a few exquisites, whose effeminate habits incapacitate them for any manly purpose or pleasure. We have no participation in this notion; nor do we share the appetite which enjoys Yankee Doodle or a good dinner, while, at the same time, it has no appreciation of the most delicate perfumes. If we ever turn up our nose at friend Neibert, it certainly will not be because we question the utility of his business, but only to inhale the incense from his alembic. What if our friend addresses the external sense; he does it in the most agreeable manner possible, and without corrupting the sources of our moral life. Indeed, his appeal is to the *only physical sense which has never led mankind astray*, or obscured the light of a single human spirit.

Our friend's circular enumerates nearly fifty different articles, all of which, we presume to say, may be obtained at reasonable prices, for cash.

JUDGE EDMOND'S LECTURE.—On Sunday evening last Judge Edmonds delivered, before a large and intelligent audience, at Dodworth's Academy, the first of a series of Lectures which will be continued on several consecutive Sunday evenings. We were not present last Sunday, being absent from the city, but learned that the lecture, which was introductory and historical, was received with earnest attention and general approbation. The ensuing lectures will be very numerously attended.

LECTURES IN BROOKLYN.—Mr. A. J. Davis will lecture in the Brooklyn Institute, on Wednesday evening, March 28th; also on Wednesday evening, April 4th.

Mrs. Eliza M. Clark will speak in the same place, on Sunday, April 1st, commencing at three o'clock P.M. Seats free.

MR. PARDEE, a medium who speaks in the trance state, addressed a public audience in Dodworth's Academy on Sunday morning last. We understand that his discourse was intrinsically interesting and well received.

MR. A. J. Davis delivered an interesting lecture in the Hall of the Brooklyn Institute on Sunday afternoon last to a very large and attentive audience.

THE EDITOR commences a course of Lectures in Troy, Tuesday evening of this week, on various themes of fact and philosophy pertaining to the spiritual movement, and answering the principal theological objections popularly urged against these alleged new developments from the Spirit-world.

## THE FINAL ORGANIZATION OF SOCIETY.

We are indebted to a foreign gentleman of distinguished intellect and powers and attainments for the following highly interesting letter. We shall be most happy to furnish a vehicle for his earnest and enlightened thoughts as often as he may be pleased to occupy our space.

LOSAN, Feb. 28, 1855.

MR. EDITOR:

You and I belong to two different worlds. I never saw your world; perhaps you never saw mine, and most probably the greatest portion of your readers never saw it. Patriotism is natural; we all love our own country, or at least we wish it well; and we glory in its honor and feel ashamed of its reproach. It is our Mother. For this reason I should never argue with any man about the relative merits of his country and mine. We can not easily comprehend each other. But I firmly believe that every nation has its own part of the great problem of civilization to solve, and in proportion to the influence and power of that nation in the civilized world, is the importance of its part of the problem. From this you may conclude without further preface that to the part which the United States of America have to perform I attach great value.

But I am none of those who believe that old things go out and new come in, just like one candle following another in succession. The growth of ages, especially of civilized ages, is one. It is as one plant—as one tree. There is development, but no death of one part to permit another of different origin entirely to supersede it. When succession takes place, the old must ever have part in the new, and as all society hangs upon two principles—Law and Liberty—we find that all successive developments are merely different modes of attempting the solution of the great problem of the reconciliation of these two apparent contraries.

Law looks to the organization of the collective man and the mechanism of society, and in working out its own exclusive mission, its tendency is to subdue the individual and check the development of original genius, and the pursuit and realization of private interests.

Liberty, on the contrary, regards the individual man as a primary principle, and its tendency is to claim for the individual the right of a full and a free development.

It is evident that either of these alone is an impossible condition of social existence. They therefore combine in all societies. But in the eldest forms, the law principle predominates, and in the youngest forms, the liberty principle predominates.

But no nation in the world has as yet been able to adjust the balance of these two principles and put them in equilibrium. This is the mission of the age to come.

The farther East we look the more we find the law repressive of liberty. I believe Japan is regarded as the least free country in the world. Dr. Siebold, one of the Dutch visitors of Japan, says of it: "Liberty is indeed unknown in Japan—it exists not even in the common intercourse of man with man, and the very idea of freedom, as distinguished from rude license, could perhaps hardly be made intelligible to a native of that extraordinary empire. But, on the other hand, no individual in the whole nation, high or low, is above the law; both sovereigns—the *Mikados* or Pope, and the *Zionys* or Emperor—seem to be completely enthralled by Japanese despotism as the meanest of their subjects, if not more so."

This is the extreme East, where the law, or the eldest of the two primordial principles, has received its fullest development. And if you seek for the fullest development of Liberty, the youngest, there is only one great country in the world in which you can find it. That is your own, which I consider the democratic antithesis of mine. Mine is the end of the Old World, yours is the beginning of the New—the woman that comes out of the man. But though liberty is decidedly feminine collectively, it is masculine individually, and thus, there is no occasion to quarrel about sex.

Law is the Old World, and Liberty is the New; or, rather, Law is the eldest, and Liberty the youngest. But Law will never go out that Liberty may come in; every thing is forever; no mission ever dies; Moses and his law still live; Greek literature, philosophy, and taste are as healthy as ever; Roman law never was more vigorous. But they have been modified by cultivation and translation, and the new geographical world of America will modify the old world of Europe, and combine with it. But it can only give back in return for what it receives. It has a part of the problem to solve, but not the whole.

Dividing Christendom into East and West, we find Rome at the East and the States at the West. Rome is the spiritual or ecclesiastical Law—the States the spiritual or ecclesiastical Liberty. France—or Russia, if you please—is, as the champion of the Church, the political Law—the States the political Liberty. Neither will ever yield to the other, because the one dislikes the excesses of the other. Britain attempts to reconcile the two, but can not succeed, for one half of Britain is in the New World and the other in the Old World; and the two halves are divided. They have quarreled and separated, and Liberty has sought a wider field than she could find in the Old World. Without this wider field the problem could not have been solved. There was a providential necessity for this. It completes the antithesis of the East and West, and as a proof of this it is the American West that promises to open up Japan, while the children of the extreme East are numerous and rapidly collecting on the Western Pacific shores.

The far West is the end of the world, and the Western great nation is the last of the old nations, and the beginning of the new. The movement of society turns in her and begins a new career, but it preserves its own characteristic individuality. Diversified liberty and individual variety and contrariety are its peculiarities. Hence, perhaps, in no other country can the Spirit-revelations take so manifold a form and character as in the States. In our country it does not seem to be possible, and analogy gives us a very good reason for it. The multitudinous form of Spirit-revelation is in perfect accord with the free democratical principle, and it is that form also which will forever be the most attractive and interesting to the heart and its affections. It is the resurrection of the dead, the finding of the lost, the drawing of the curtain between death and life. But something is wanting. This multitudinous form of revelation wants a unity. Where will it find it? Only by coming Eastward, and modifying old principles as it proceeds. No one country can have all the gifts nor can solve all the problem. Each has its part. When the Spirit-revelation arrives here in power, it will take a more uniform form than it does with you, and as it goes farther East than we are, it will grow proportionately in that respect—not losing its native liberty, but modifying and chastening it, while at the same time it gives greater liberty to the law that oppresses in more Eastern regions. And thus the two eternal

entranced. Soon her right hand extended and grasped on the back of the hand (as it seemed to us) of the lady of the house, sitting at her left, a small silver medal which she immediately placed in the hand of her young neighbor on the right, a girl younger than herself. A few moments after, the same right hand of the medium passed under the table; she scratched the under surface with her nails, making a noise, and then, after a few seconds, the hand rose upon the table holding a book as large as I have described, and which the medium also gave to her young neighbor on the right. A few minutes afterward the medium awoke, the sitting having occupied about four minutes.

Some moments afterward it was written by the hand of the gentleman of the house, that the two articles had been given by another daughter of the medium then writing, which daughter was then fifteen years old, to her younger sister who was eleven.

I affirm that while this took place, this book was not concealed in the clothes of the medium, nor was it in the table. I affirm, again, that the medium had no accomplice among the six persons in the room who observed her—the only ones who were in the room. I affirm, again, that according to no known law could this book have come by a power simply human.

These are positive facts which a number of serious persons observed with me, and which we continue to study. I pass in silence a multitude of extremely interesting particulars; they will make my letter too long.

And now, as the Catholic clergy have seemed to me the most hostile to the new faith, I will say that the young orphan has been instructed, and still acquiesces in, the faith of the Church of Rome, and that these occurrences have taken place sometimes in the presence of zealous Catholics. In general, however, the sittings have taken place indiscriminately in the presence of Catholics, Protestants, and those of no religion, but we have perceived no difference in the results, unless it be that the books were always given to Catholics.

Will the clergy of the Roman Church, who have so much veneration for these kinds of articles, persist in declaring that we are in commerce with his satanic majesty?

Your humble servant, JOS. BARTHET.

## HAUNTS OF MEDITATION.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these scenes where anxiety hails the inspiring breath,

Ecstasy, etc., and from the world retired,

Conversed with angels and immortal forms,

On gracious errands sent, to save the fall

Of Virtue stricken and the brink of vice;

In waking whispers and repeated dreams

To hint pure thought, and warn the favor'd soul,

For future trials fated, to prepare;

To prompt the poet, who devotes gives

His name to better themes; to soothe the pangs

Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast—

Backward to mingle in detected war,

But foremost when engaged— to turn the death

And numberless such offices of love,

Daily and nightly, seasons to perform,

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky

A thousand shapes or glides awhile the dusk,

Or pass majestic on. Deep raged, I feel

A sacred terror, a severe delight.

Others, through my mortal frame; and thus methinks

A race that human error, the abomination of earth

Of Fancy stalks. "Be not of us afraid,

Poor kindred man thy fellow-creatures, we

From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,

The same our Lord, and laws, and great purpose.

Once some of us, like these, through stormy life

Told of purify and beat the spirit land!"

Resplendent angels there in bright array,

Brocken the new-born soul to come away!

Electric streams invade the dullest ear,

Till bigots are themselves constrained to hear;

Trembling, and awe-struck, an abash'd they stand,

Waiting for tidings from the Spirit-hand;

Joy kindles in the eye, the stolid brow

Is wreathed in smiles, not witness'd till then now!

The bands of ignorance are burst at length,

No longer paralyze the spirit's strength.

Half a freedom's birth, the freedom of the mind!

God-given energies no more shall find

Their progress bar'd, or checked by human rules,

The worn-out creeds and dogmas of the schools.

God's limitless creation shall be ours;

There shall the spirit exercise its powers;

From stage to stage extrinsic, from height to height,

Ever more pure, more happy, and more wise.

STELLA.

THE CAUSE IN AUGUSTA, ME.

FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1855.

Being a sojourner in this city for a season I have been induced to make some inquiry relative to Spiritualism here. I find a few specimens of true-hearted Spiritualists here, and much skepticism. Among the members of the evangelical churches this latter skepticism is very apparent. This makes the subject unpopular here, and but few are found who have nerve enough to stand up to it and speak. Especially is this the case with mediums. With one or two exceptions I have found it impossible to obtain an interview with any medium here. They seem not to want any one to know they are mediums, and only hold circles occasionally, when I am told only about a dozen or so, who must promise not to reveal anything that is said or done. This is all wrong. If God has bestowed upon these the power of mediumship between the visible and invisible worlds, it is nothing of which to feel ashamed, and it is their duty to use that gift for the best good of their fellows. Especially is it a duty, I think, to speak out for the grant opportunity for sincere inquirers after truth to investigate. I don't say this in a captious spirit; I say it in candor and love. A wrong state of things exists here among Spiritualists. There seems to be too much exclusiveness, and not enough of harmony—not enough of the spirit of our great Example, who commanded his disciples to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The Legislature of Maine is now in session in this city, and quite a number of its members are anxious desiring an opportunity to investigate the subject. Can not Judge Edmonds make a short visit here? Here is an opportunity for him to do much good; will he come?

In haste, yours fraternally,

JOSEPH E. HALL.

principles will chasten and cultivate each other, first in the spiritual and afterward in the temporal sphere.

I give this, of course, merely as an hypothesis, but it is true to history and geography, and also to justice and universal analogy; and it easily explains the reason why the Spiritual revelations began in America—why they are so diversified and contrarious, and why they do not appear in the Old World as we do in the New, while at the same time it prepares the mind of Spiritualists for the appearance of singular and extensive modifications in more Eastern regions, not to contradict, but to modify and throw light upon their own.

I know there is a great reluctance everywhere to go Eastward for anything. Even here we abhor, as probably you do there, the idea. Our Protestants are looking, not for lessons in Rome, but for a fire and brimstone judgment. They literally expect it to sink in a burning gulf. They think there's nothing in it worth preserving. Our liberals and republicans here though France ready for a republic in 1848. "There will never be king or emperor more there, you'll see," they said to me. And when Mazzini was in Rome, it was thought to be all over with the Pope, as if the Pope were a man.

The Pope is a principle, and there is not a firmer throne in the world than that of St. Peter. It is ecclesiastical law,

which, so long as there is a Church, must have a representative of some form or other, and the more unitary the form the stronger the power. It only wants liberty to modify it and correct its abuses. That liberty comes from the West.

God is not a respecter of nations any more than of persons. His tender mercies are over all his works. He never gave the fullness of truth to any one people; nor had he ever a favorite nation. The Jews were no favorites of his; nor were the Romans more hateful in his eyes than Israelites; nor does he abhor Popery or Islamism as a Protestant does. He knows the use of them, and why he has placed them where they are. Patriotism blinds men even as sectarianism does, and it causes us to hate what God has ordained, and what his great plan of providence has made indispensable for the final organization of the Church-State.

I say Church-State, because I believe that the final organization of society will be not a Church and State as in England—not a Church as in Rome—not a State as in America, but something that has never yet been—a Church-State—a moral government sacred as a Church and political as a State. And it will be the legitimate offspring of old Churches and States, but without their abuses and defects—a moral Church in which a man's faith will not be fettered by creeds imposed by one generation upon another, but will be free to grow in everlasting youth.

In traveling back to the East we shall also travel back to the Patriarchal system. It is the first and the last. Not the old form, but the old principle revived and rehabilitated. But it will be sanctified by the patriarchal system in association with it. A great moral government involves the ideas of a great multitude of diverse families. There is the family of marriage—the simplest and oldest form. There is the communal or distict family—or a smaller, if you please—and larger and larger—graduation of families, every man and woman, as well as child, being a member of the whole series in succession, and of all the first as long as life. Thus every man will be known in society, and be responsible, and have one responsible for him. His profession will be known, his public and private conduct will be known, and yet he will be free, for no secret tribunal will have power over him; and the ruling power will be moral rather than physical.

What is called Liberty by many is the right of secret misbehavior—the curse of all countries, and the real cause of the neglect of the poor. What makes you and me afraid to visit certain lanes, and streets, and alleys, and rookeries in London or New York? It is just this Liberty, and the consequent neglect of the inhabitants. No patriarch, no matriarch, visits those places or knows the inmates, and speaks kindly and morally to them, and inquires into their circumstances, and gives them advice or sympathizes in their sufferings. They are personally, spiritually, and morally neglected in the full and free development of individual Liberty. They do as they please with themselves; wash or not wash; swear or not swear; drink or not drink; and when government visits them, it is only in the shape of a policeman or a tax-gatherer, with a stern look and a truncheon in his hand. This is not moral government, because it is not patriarchal and matriarchal government. It is neither Law nor Liberty, but a quarrel between the two. It is the war of Law and Liberty; and you have it as much as we have it. Your Democracy and your Liberty are but names for better things than themselves.

Depend upon it, moral government is possible. But it is the last great movement of civilization, and the beginning of the age to come. As for Liberty without Law, it is an great an abomination, if not greater, than Law without Liberty. But the blessed union of Law and Liberty—the absolutism of the one and the free use of the other—is the perfection of society. It is the great problem of ages—the problem which all ages and all nations have been trying to solve, and no one has yet succeeded, for God had ordained that the Old World should span the globe before the new could receive its commission to begin a new era.

#### THE CALIFORNIA BOGUS SPIRITS.

LETTER FROM JUDGE EDMONDS.

The following letter from Judge Edmonds we find in the New York *Herald*. It explains itself, and displays a degree of candor and sincerity which must dismorn even bigotry itself, and cause deception to appear more than usually monstrous and repulsive by the striking contrast it presents.

NO. 65 CHAMBERS STREET, March 14, 1855.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Your paper of the 12th contains a letter from San Francisco, with the signature of F. C. Ewer, from which it appears that I was fool enough to receive as true an article under his own name, published in the *Pioneer*, a monthly magazine, edited by him, and which purports on its face to be the relation of facts within his own knowledge.

It is true I did so receive it. But I also received a letter from a gentleman of San Francisco assuring me of its truth. I learned on inquiry that Mr. E. has an office under the general government. Mr. Compte, one of the publishers of the *Pioneer*, at that time in this city, and one or two others who professed to know him, gave the assurance that Mr. Ewer was a gentleman utterly incapable of perpetrating such a fraud as that would be if the truth. Mr. Ewer himself sent to me, by a gentleman direct from San Francisco, a copy of his magazine, without the slightest intimation on his part that the articles were otherwise than what they professed to be, namely, the relation of an actual fact, but that, on the contrary, he had said to his messenger, when interrogated by him, "Do you think I would publish a lie under my own name?" And twice, through a medium in whose communications I had been in the habit of placing a good deal of confidence, I received messages which tended in the same direction.

It was under these circumstances that I trusted in the truthfulness of Mr. Ewer; and now it would seem—if this letter to you is genuine—that I was gullied and imposed upon by a fabrication.

If the object of the device, and all the pains taken to carry it out, was to impress on my confidence, it has been successful.

If the object was to show me the dangers of spiritual intercourse, and how liable we are to be deceived by false or fabricated communications, it was quite unnecessary, for I long ago learned that, and have sincerely, once and again, given utterance to a warning against that danger.

If the object was to give me the pain of learning that a gentleman occupying a public station, and appearing before the world as the editor of a magazine having some pretension to a standing in our literature, was unworthy the confidence I had reposed in his word—it was equally unnecessary, for I had already learned the public use he had made of a private letter which I had written him in the confidence which I hope will always obtain among gentlemen, and it was not demanded that he should supersede it to the humiliation of proclaiming his own fraud.

If the purpose was to convince me that men having a fair exterior could still be otherwise than what they seemed, it was also unnecessary, for I had not presided so long over a criminal court without learning something of the degradation to which the influence of evil passions and a perverted education may sink the fairest seeming among us.

If the purpose was to induce me to withhold all confidence in my fellow-man or all reliance upon Spirit-communication, it has signalized failed.

I have been imposed upon many times in my life, and as I grow older, and the instances multiply around me, I am admonished to greater caution than was habitual with me in my more youthful years. But I can not yet withhold all confidence in my fellow-man, or in the testimony on any subject which may reach me through his instrumentality.

#### Original Communications.

##### PASSING THE DARK VALLEY.

BY MRS. W. STWELL.

A bold form came near, and my fast fleeting breath  
Faithfully murmured, "This surely, this surely is death."  
Then the grim monster spoke—"On my mission I've come,  
Thou must tread the dark valley that leads to thy home."

Deep mists and dark clouds gathered over my sight,  
And my earth-born was wrapped in the mantle of night,  
Thus I traversed in silence, sad, weary, and lone,  
The dismal, dark valley that led to my home.

As the dim shores of earth passed away from my view,  
'E'erly object I saw still more beautiful grew—  
Soul-entrancing and clear was the pure light that shone,  
As I merged from the valley that led to my home.

Thus I passed through change to a glorious birth,  
Far away from the sin and temptation of earth,  
And my spirit, unfettered, forever will roam  
Far beyond the dark valley that led to my home.

A throng of immortals, the ransomed, the free,  
In theirfulness of joy sang a welcome to me;  
I joined the sweet chorus in spirit and tone,  
I had trodden the valley, and "Heaven was home."

Fear not, my dear loved ones, though sickness and gloom  
Fold their wings about you from cradle to tomb,  
Ye are tracing the path, but your spirit alone  
Must pass through the valley that leads to this home.

##### SPIRITUAL LIGHT DAGUERREOTYPED.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 9, 1855.

S. B. BRITTON, Esq.

Dear Sir and Brother in the Cause of Truth.—A most wonderful spiritual manifestation occurred in my daguerreotype saloon about 11 or 12 o'clock yesterday forenoon. I was taking a likeness of my mother-in-law, Mrs. Moore, of Philadelphia, with my seventh son, an infant just two months old, in her arms, and after three unsuccessful trials in consequence of the babe's moving, I prepared a plate for a fourth trial, and having learned by two year's experience that we're dependent upon the Lord for all things, I sought success through prayer (let the skeptic sneer), and then took an impression in a single second—my usual method for taking an impression of an infant. I found a beautiful, sharp, distinct picture of the babe and his grandmother, and upon the arm of the babe a bright ray of golden-colored spiritual light, which extended from an angle of ten degrees south of the zenith, alongside of the grandmother's head, descending upon the arm of the babe. I send you by mail a copy of the picture, which I trust you will retain in your own hands, as there are many copies of this to be taken, I am impressed. Now, that such a ray of light can be produced in such a picture by nature and appliances of art, I do not for one moment believe. The ray, you will perceive, is almost equal width through the entire length, and in this it differs from natural rays of light entirely. Now let the scientific world solve the problem by natural philosophy if they can! After a close examination of all the circumstances of the case, endeavoring to account for this wonderful phenomenon, I was about concluding that it was an accident, and thus unacceptable; but the Spirit immediately told me it was a spiritual ray, from an angel of light—one of my own children. On the evening of the same day I was impressed to do all that I could do to permit the impress to impress upon me, and that it would be greater—more powerful—than the subject acted upon. All that self can do, is to seek for truth and learn the lessons of wisdom which exist in all things.

In this investigation, the teachable spirit has only to know the truth as it is—to learn what is taught—and such fact as appear constitute the means of progress. Indeed, they are the only means of reliable progress, because all opinions about facts are mostly hypothetical, and always uncertain. And all philosophies, religions, governments based upon opinions and conjectures are liable to perish, when truth exposes their errors and their sophistries.

In the development of mind facts should form the basis of all relations, and, in some instances, revealing deprivations and suffering in Spirit-life.

##### IN THE CAUSE IN PHILADELPHIA.

change, so all hope predicated upon the immutability of his will and power is delusive and unphilosophical.

In what can an infinite God progress? He certainly can not be any greater, any wiser, any more powerful, any more lovely, or any more refined, unless it be allowed that he is not infinite in all that constitutes his being—an assumption not proved or probable.

Is God, then, a progressive being? That is as much as to affirm that he is self-made; for if there be a limit to his perfection susceptible of improvement, and we can ascertain the ratio of his progress, then it may be determined with mathematical accuracy the period of his beginning; for it is no more to show his beginning than his self-progress. And when minds fix a limit to God, by allowing that he is improving, the next step is to allow the strange dogma of a progression which dates back to, and is caused by, nothing. And when nothing produces something, or causes shall be philosophically shown to be less than their effects, we will not acknowledge that there is a God worthy of the name in heaven or earth, or in sea or sky.

That progress is realized by men and angels is both true and reasonable, because there are intelligences competent to develop them—there are causes more than equal to the effects already experienced. But neither men nor angels improve themselves. Each individual is improved as he or she is instructed—taught—either by observation or social impressions. The student applies his powers to the study of nature, and, in such capacity, he learns what nature teaches. Were there no such teacher, as it is self-evident he could not improve—he could not progress in the knowledge she imparts. No mind can progress without learning, and all learning is dependent upon receiving the instruction unfolded to his receptive spirit.

That the Infinite mind progresses the finite, is truth warranted by all history and observation. The development of the undeveloped is caused by the lessons which are written in the great volume of nature. These lessons teach the wisdom, and love, and power of God; and as the finite mind receives such knowledge it is developed. The wisdom unfolded in these pages expands the wisdom of the receiver. But in no case is the mind self-improved, because it can only be improved by receiving what it has not, and what it has not is not of itself, but of a cause acting upon self to develop it. And in order that self may be affected the cause must be greater—more powerful—than the subject acted upon. All that self can do, is to seek for truth and learn the lessons of wisdom which exist in all things.

In this investigation, the teachable spirit has only to know the truth as it is—to learn what is taught—and such fact as appear constitute the means of progress. Indeed, they are the only means of reliable progress, because all opinions about facts are mostly hypothetical, and always uncertain. And all philosophies, religions, governments based upon opinions and conjectures are liable to perish, when truth exposes their errors and their sophistries.

In the development of mind facts should form the basis of all relations, and, in some instances, revealing deprivations and suffering in Spirit-life.

##### IN SECTION FORTY we find these passages:—

"I now approached one of those black spots, and there, in a miserable hovel, was a human being, being, glibly, thin, haggard, almost a skeleton. The most violent of human passions were raging in him, and he was ever walking back and forth, like a chained tiger chasing in his cage. There was little light in that habitation, but it was an awful one. It was the red flame of his own eyes. They were open, staring, like burning coals, with a black spot in the center, and constantly straining to see something, the darkness was so horrible. He paused, raising his clenched hand, and cursed his Maker that he ever created him. He cursed also the false teachers. They had held him of a hell of fire and brimstone only, and he laughed at the idea of scorn, now awakening to the reality of a hell far worse. He cursed God and man that he had been left alone to share his torments, and what aggravated all his suffering was his ignorance that there was any redemption for him, and the belief that it was forever! He clasped his hands together over his head with a gesture of mute despair, and standing thus, he cried, 'Oh! for an annihilation!' If you had heard the tones in which that impression was uttered, you could have formed some idea of the torments of the damned."

In Section Forty-three we find a passage inducing still more appalling horror. A wretched in the "darker spheres"—a wretch who had caused the death of a son and a child, and was hampered by their avenging Spirits, had welcomed death as a relief from their presence. But his first sensation on awaking in the Spirit-world was their dread presence, "more palpable, more near than before"—and from the moment of his entrance to that Spirit-world, which was long, long ago, he had never for one moment been exempt from their presence." At all times and under all circumstances they were near him, performing over their melancholy task of retribution."

As if it were not enough that one erring Spirit should be thus given over to the torments of the damned, the mother and the child even, through dry ages, commanding "long, long ago," are found put up in those same dark regions, "sitting close to each other, all down upon a heap, on a rude bench by the side of the hovel, as if attached by a feeling of mingled fear and love. Yet at all times they were near him, performing over their melancholy task of retribution."

This picture may well be deemed the climax of horror. In order that the whole measure of God's judgment may crush the sinner through an appropriate instrument, not the guilty alone! but his wretched and helpless victims are hurried to our doom!"

Since I have undertaken to point out blemishes only, as I understand them, I pass unnoticed the many rare beauties of the volume, notwithstanding my disposition, if not my ability, to appreciate their merit. The conscientious reader however might pardon me for suggesting that the admonition from the Spirit of Washington, in Section Fifty-nine, seems remarkably aimless, captious, and unprogressive from such a source.

Every science and all knowledge which comes to man, whatever may be its apparent source, and however exact it may profess to be, comes to us in empirical forms. Spiritualism is not exempt from this universal law. Much we hope is genuine, much we know is spurious. If, then, a portion be deemed false or unprofitable, or revolting to humanity, it can be supposed a duty to man that we thrust any such portion before our friends, or attempt to force it upon the unwilling ears of an already too weary and misgiving public!

Is it not weakness, if not wickedness, to say, "In these matters God has given us no discretion?"

Most kindly and sincerely your friend, W. S. W.

##### JUDGE EDMONDS' SECOND VOLUME.

GREENVILLE, ILL., Feb. 25, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR—I have a sustaining hope in the truth of Spiritualism, and of its early demonstration to my better knowledge; yet I have experienced no certainty of conviction which permits me to say that I am a Spiritualist.

In this state of mind I have read the second volume of Judge Edmunds, and should you conceive that the remarks which I now offer on a few disconnected passages from its contents may prove in any degree useful to your readers, they are at your service.

I confess a slight misgiving upon reading that portion of the Introduction which states that some things contained in the book would startle even confirmed believers; yet he concludes to give them as they come, throwing the responsibility, such as it may be, upon the spiritual agency through which they have been introduced.

At Section Three we meet with this passage:—"In the forests' depths, and amid the silence of nature, you may imagine Spirits meeting Spirits, and the first salutation is, 'The Judge's letter is out.'

How impossible for the world to disconnect the author's interest, we dare not say vanity, in such pronouncement, from a controlling influence over the mind of the medium. And such sympathy as the world awards at such occasions, one might be disposed to covet.

At Section Fourteen it was written:—"For fifteen minutes we will influence the Judge, but he is quite unwell. This picture will not be a continuation of the usual visions, but a new picture entirely."

As soon as this announcement was made, I felt that a vision would be presented corresponding in some degree with the diseased state of the Judge's body—and such a vision came.

A portion of the succeeding pages contain the most melancholy, and, in some instances, revolting descriptions of depravity and suffering in Spirit-life.

In Section Forty we find these passages:—"I now approached one of those black spots, and there, in a miserable hovel, was a human being, being, glibly, thin, haggard, almost a skeleton. The most violent of human passions were raging in him, and he was ever walking back and forth, like a chained tiger chasing in his cage. There was little light in that habitation, but it was an awful one. It was the red flame of his own eyes. They were open, staring, like burning coals, with a black spot in the center, and constantly straining to see something, the darkness was so horrible. He paused, raising his clenched hand, and cursed his Maker that he ever created him. He cursed also the false teachers. They had held him of a hell of fire and brimstone only, and he laughed at the idea of scorn, now awakening to the reality of a hell far worse. He cursed God and man that he had been left alone to share his torments, and what aggravated all his suffering was his ignorance that there was any redemption for him, and the belief that it was forever! He clasped his hands together over his head with a gesture of mute despair, and standing thus, he cried, 'Oh! for an annihilation!' If you had heard the tones in which that impression was uttered, you could have formed some idea of the torments of the damned."

In Section Forty-three we find a passage inducing still more appalling horror. A wretched in the "darker spheres"—a wretch who had caused the death of a son and a child, and was hampered by their avenging Spirits, had welcomed death as a relief from their presence. But his first sensation on awaking in the Spirit-world was their dread presence, "more palpable, more near than before"—and from the moment of his entrance to that Spirit-world, which was long, long ago, he had never for one moment been exempt from their presence."

This picture may well be deemed the climax of horror. In order that the whole measure of God's judgment may crush the sinner through an appropriate instrument, not the guilty alone! but his wretched and helpless victims are hurried to our doom!"

Since I have undertaken to point out blemishes only, as I understand them, I pass unnoticed the many rare beauties of the volume, notwithstanding my disposition, if not my ability, to appreciate their merit. The conscientious reader however might pardon me for suggesting that the admonition from the Spirit of Washington, in Section Fifty-nine, seems remarkably aimless, captious, and unprogressive from such a source.

Every science and all knowledge which comes to man, whatever may be its apparent source, and however exact it may profess to be, comes to us in empirical forms. Spiritualism is not exempt from this universal law. Much we hope is genuine, much we know is spurious. If, then, a portion be deemed false or unprofitable, or revolting to humanity, it can be supposed a duty to man that we thrust any such portion before our friends, or attempt to force it upon the unwilling ears of an already too weary and misgiving public!

Is it not weakness, if not wickedness, to say, "In these matters God has given us no discretion?"

Most kindly and sincerely your friend, W. S. W.

##### A CRY FOR HELP.

MESSES PARTHIDE AND BRITTON

YEAR & DAY ago I regularly attended the Conferences at your office and Dowdworth's Hall, and furnished myself with what information was within my reach in a general way, but not till I came to this part of the country had I the glorious privilege of Spirit-intercourse. I read, I studied, I attended Mrs. Britton's lecture, I heard the spiritually-gifted T. L. Harris with delight. I longed for a single opportunity to have intercourse with the Spirits of the departed, but also that could not be done.

Do you ask why? I had no dollars to spare to pay for a medium; painful circumstances excluded me from private circles, and though scarcely thirsting for truth, I was denied the highest earthly enjoyment that of intellectual communion with the unseen world. Is New York city always to be so?

YOUR TELEGRAPH and the SACRED CIRCLE are possessed by Mrs. W., at whose house our circle meets, Sunday and Wednesday evenings. There are here a few devoted Spiritualists, but there seems a want of some sufficiently interested public lecturer to pass a little time in the factory villages here, and to say what Spiritualism is. This might not be a lucrative speculation; but I may remind some one of a sentiment always to be had in mind.

The cause is onward here. Let no opportunity be lost by our distinguished friends of New York of aiding us in the glorious work. The iron is hot, and now is the time to strike for truth and humanity.

Yours truly, C. W. W.

##### MANIFESTATIONS IN ROSEVILLE, PA.

ROSEVILLE, Feb. 20, 1855.

I hereby certify that on the evening of February 25th there was a spiritual circle formed at the house of R. Rose, in Roseville, Pa., for the purposes of obtaining Spirit-manifestations and testing the truth of Spiritualism, and that there were present at the time ten persons. While sitting around the table, raps were heard upon it, while no one of the company was near enough to touch it; and one of the company, a female, was impressed by a invisible power.

At the same time the table moved and raised clear from the floor and caused to vibrate, while no visible power was near it. The person who was impressed knew the name of a deceased uncle who had been in the Spirit-world since his death. The manifestations were so convincing that all present seemed to be perfectly satisfied of the truth of the matter. There was no room for doubt.

ANOTHER ANGEL WARNING.—Died, W. Killingly, on Sunday, Feb. 11th, Mary Woodworth, aged 14 years. The Killingly Telegraph says: "A somewhat singular incident is told. The girl, in a dream, saw the above death. A sister of the deceased died the 11th of December, and a few weeks after her death Mary dreamed that her dead sister appeared to her and told her her secret. All who experienced the purifying effects of 'Spirit-influence' know that it changes our whole nature, extends our usefulness in every walk of life, opens up new and hitherto neglected fields of labor, engages the whole soul and affections in every patriotic sphere of action, holds out continually before us its motto—'Utility,' in our every action with our fellow-men, and extends our desire for the universal benefit of our race."

PATWICK, Feb. 12, 1855.

# Interesting Miscellany.

## I LOVE THEE STILL.

Beloved, beloved, my feet alone are walking  
In quiet paths which thou hast trod with me—  
I hear no more the music of thy talking  
Overneath the fields where summer blossoms be—  
Green trees, in blessing, wave their arms above me,  
The night-had drawn cover over with his sighs—  
But not one human voice has said, "I love thee!"  
Since had I read love's story in thine eyes.

Oh! 'tis shape of evil walk the path between us—  
My head grows heavy with unspoken fear—  
Will 't e'en our truth be strong enough to sever us?  
From fate as terrible as that art dear!

Death's angel dreweth eveneigh and nigher  
His kiss is on my brow while I sleep.  
For me—I see a martyr's path of fire.

For thee, beloved—a graveyard whereto wesp.  
And this, alas! is all life gives of crowning.

A wreath of fame twined out of funeral flowers,  
As if some shipwrecked mariner, while drowning,

Should grope for gems in ocean's coral bower—  
Bethink these, love, of all the hopes I cherished,

The dreams my future was to make so real,  
The household joys that, crushed to death, have perished

In my mad worship of the vailed ideal!

And yet I love thee—never will another  
Say those three words with such strong throbs of pain;

Such tears, like those with whom some strikes mother—  
Bethinks thee, eye which never may meet her own again.

I love thee; it has been no ill vision.

Rising like moonlight o'er life's troubled sea,

For it will dawn again in climes Elysian—

Standing 'mong angels I shall pine for thee.

And then will come my name perchance while rhyming.

The careless fancies of an idler's lines,

Or, happy with the winds above than chimeing

Their lone-some marches through some grove of pines,

And when a fairer head in dreams is lying

Where mine has rested upon breast of thine.

From out the past thou'll hear a low voice singing—

Her living love will be less dear than mine.

And then will come, sometimes, where I am sleeping,

And o'er that place of thorns will make thy moan,

And I, beneath the mold, shall hear thy weeping.

And thy heart shall be where'er thy steps are roving,

Its passions conquer even Death's troubled wave,

Alas! isn't that earth's best gift of loving.

Should be a prayer, a troth-plight, and a grue.

MURDER PREINNATED IN A DREAM.

From the Lincoln *Gazette*, published at Troy, Mo., of the date of the 2d, we learn the particulars of one of the most unparalleled outrages ever committed in Missouri. The deed of rapine and blood is said to have been perpetrated in Monroe or Montgomery counties, and is related thus in the *Gazette*:

A gentleman residing in one of the above-named counties had sold a farm for the sum of two thousand dollars, and the money was deposited in his house. After the sale had been made, he went some distance from his home to attend to some business matters, and upon returning found it necessary to stop for the night at a house two or three miles from his own. At a late hour in the night, he awoke from his sleep, very much impressed with a dream, in which he imagined that his wife and children were in a distressed condition, and needed his presence. He related his singular dream to the gentleman with whom he was staying, who disbelieved him from the belief that any serious consequences had befallen his family, and finally prevailed upon him to again go to bed. It was not long, however, before he again awoke—having dreamed the second time that his wife and children were supplicating for help.

He immediately dressed himself for the purpose of going home, notwithstanding the entreaties of his host to remain until morning.

There was also a German peddler staying in the same place, who proposed to accompany the man to his own house, lest he might be dreaming, and meet with some accident on the way.

The two started, and in a short time came to the house, in which a light was discovered. This unfavorable omen, at half past the hour of the night (it being about 3 o'clock), confirmed the husband's worst suspicions. They approached the house, and looking through a window, saw five men, surrounding a table, busily engaged in counting and dividing the money which they had secured. The first impulse of the enraged husband was to give the alarm, but the German bade him be silent. He then instructed him to go to the back door and knock, upon which the robbers would attempt to make their escape out of the one at which he (the German) was stationed.

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He then instructed him to go to the back door and knock, upon which

the robbers would attempt to make their escape out of the one at which he (the German) was stationed.

The man accordingly made an alarm at the back door, upon which

the midnight robbers endeavored to make their escape. Right man-

fully did the German maintain his position, while with a revolver he killed four of the robbers, and wounded the fifth, who was afterward secured. Would that were the only bloody spectacle which pre-

sented itself at that dead hour of the night. The most heart-rending part remains yet told. A wife and two or three children had been butchered, and lay writhing in pools of blood. The feelings of a hus-

band and father can better be imagined than described, as he beheld this horrid spectacle.

The wounded man, having secured, made a full confession; and he stated that an organized band of robbers was in the country,

and that the ring-leader lived in Lincoln or Pike County.

A SHORT LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.—Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands can not be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you can say. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character and all things else. Your character can not be essentially injured, except by your own acts. If one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to go to bed, if you would prefer; and small and steady gains of game of chance. Avoid temptation through fear you may not withstand it. Never run in debt, unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you cannot pay it off. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young to spend when you are old.—*Handy Merchant's Magazine*.

DOWN ON 'EM.—In the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* of January 15th, a letter written from this city handles one of the Philadelphia penny dailies without mitre. The document is perfectly exhorting, and the exhortation, sever as it is, appears to us to be well deserved. The penny daily in question has been making the most unpreserved and unjustifiable assaults on all the believers in spiritual manifestations, denouncing them, in a body, as crazy fanatics or shameless impostors. We do not profess to belong to the spiritual congregation, but we can not perceive that the creed of these people is more irrational than many others creeds in common acceptance. All creeds appear foolish to those who do not believe in them, or do not understand them. We advised a neighbor of ours that he was making a donkey of himself by assailing the Spiritualists, without being able to comprehend their tenets or to appreciate what is really beautiful in their system. Sensible men never show to less advantage than when they attempt to write or talk about matters which they do not understand. It is to be hoped the Philadelphians correspondents of the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* has administered a rebuke which will be felt sufficiently to produce some reformation in the course and conduct of our hypocritical neighbor.—*Sunday Mercury*.

# PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON'S SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

**D. G. T. DEXTER,**  
22 EAST THIRTY-FIRST STREET  
Between Lexington and Third Avenue,  
NEW YORK.

**MRS. JEANIE E. KELLOGG,**  
SPIRIT MEDIUM,  
House, No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Mrs. Kellogg will hold Circles for Spiritual Intercessions daily (Sundays excepted), from 9 to 12 A.M., 2 to 5, and from 7 to 9 P.M.

250 No. 5th Street after 12 M., on Friday and Saturday after 5 P.M.

**MRS. W. B. COAN,**  
22 EAST THIRTY-FIRST STREET  
Between Lexington and Third Avenue,  
NEW YORK.

Long known in Boston and New York as a Writing and powerful *Speaking-Telepathic Medium*, will attend parties at their residence; also give private sittings at her Room, 72 Broadway, Hope Chapel Building.

N. B. Public Circles daily. Hours (unless engaged for private circles), 10 to 12 A.M., and 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 P.M.

**DEVELOPING CIRCLES.**

Mrs. J. F. WHITNEY, No. 101 Fourth Avenue, between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets, will hold Circles for Spiritual Intercessions daily (Sundays excepted), to the satisfaction of many believers in Spiritualism, has formed a circle to form Circles for the Development of Mediums for Spiritual Communication. Further information will be given at his residence, or by mail.

150-41.

**CLAIRVOYANT—DISEASE—MEDICINE.**

Mrs. LOURIN L. PLATT, 220 Broadway, respectively offers her services, on reasonable terms, to the public, in the Examination, Treatment, and Cure of Disease by means of Clairvoyance. Mrs. Platt will also give Physiological Readings if desired.

150-41.

**JASON M. ADAMS,**  
22 EAST THIRTY-FIRST STREET  
Between Lexington and Third Avenue,  
NEW YORK.

For an Act of Congress passed March 2d, 1855, all who served in the Revolutionary War, or in any other war in which the United States has been engaged, 14 days or more, and have not received land, are entitled to 160 acres.

All who have served in any battle (though they may serve one day), are entitled to 160 acres.

Those who have drawn less than 160 acres, are entitled to enough to make 160 acres.

The warrants will be promptly granted by writing, post paid, to G. F. LEWIS,

Cleveland, Ohio.

**SUPERIOR FAMILY BREAD.**

Mrs. MOORE'S BAKERY,

27 Harrison Street, between Bedford and Varick Streets, NEW YORK.

Bread, Cakes, and Household Pies in all their varieties, fresh every day, and made of the best materials.

Wheat Bread, Whole and Indian Bread, Rye Bread, Graham Bread, Cornmeal Bread, etc. Mrs. Moore eats every morning the best Tea Biscuits, Crackers, and Doughnuts every afternoon at 6 o'clock.

150-41.

**THE LILY WREATH**

OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Received chiefly through the Mediumship of

OFFICE—269 Tremont Street, New Orleans.

150-41.

**COMTE'S POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.**

An elegant octavo of 880 pages. Price \$2.50. Recently published by

G. BLANCHARD, 22 Nassau Street, NEW YORK.

Price 12 cents.

**MR. METTLER'S RESTORATIVE SYRUP.**

Through an Act of Congress, passed April 2d, 1855, all who served in the Revolutionary War, or in any other war in which the United States has been engaged, 14 days or more, and have not received land, are entitled to 160 acres.

Those who have served in any battle (though they may serve one day), are entitled to 160 acres.

Those who have drawn less than 160 acres, are entitled to enough to make 160 acres.

The warrants will be promptly granted by writing, post paid, to G. F. LEWIS,

Cleveland, Ohio.

**MR. METTLER'S DENTISTRY CORDIAL.**

A SOOTHING and CONSTITUTIVE Remedy. This important remedy has always proved successful when properly used, and the directions strictly carried out, and has never failed to cure in upward of

300 cases here in Hartford.

**MR. METTLER'S CELEBRATED EXILIX.**

For Cholera and severe Painful Cramps of the Stomach, Bowels, Bladder, and Nerves.

From numerous notices of the work the following are selected as expressive of the general opinion respecting it:

TO THE THINKING-PUBLIC.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

**THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.**

BY LUWIG FEUERBACH.

Translated from the second German Edition, by Marian Evans, translator of "Stevens' Life of Jesus." One hundred 12 mo. of 440 pages. Price \$1.25.

**COMTE'S POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.**

An elegant octavo of 880 pages. Price \$2.50. Recently published by

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150-41.

**THE GREAT HARMONIA.**

The Great Harmonia, Vol. I.

The Physician. By J. A. Davis. Price, \$1.25; postage, 20 cents.

**THE GREAT HARMONIA, Vol. II.**

The Teacher. By J. A. Davis. Price, \$1.25; postage, 20 cents.

**THE GREAT HARMONIA, Vol. III.**

The Story. By J. A. Davis. Price, \$1.25; postage, 20 cents.

**THE GREAT HARMONIA, Vol. IV.**

For the Universe Without and the Universe Within. By William Franklin. This book is devoted to an inquiry into the spiritual Nature and Relations of Man. It especially treats of the Physical, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and contains Interesting Facts and profound Expositions of the Psychological Conditions and Manifestations now attracting attention in Europe and America. This volume contains, in part, the Editor's Philosophy of the Soul; the Interesting Visions of H. J. Edmonds; and portraits of S. R. Britton, and Dr. J. H. Conklin, 542 Broad- way, New York.

150-41.

**SPIRITUALISTS' BOARDING HOUSE.**

No. 107 Spring Street.

150-41.

The meetings of the Harmonist Association of Philadelphia has held every Sunday at the Sansom Street Hall, commencing at half past 10 A.M., and half past 7 P.M.

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**SPIRITUALIST, AS TEACHER WANTED.**

A young Lady, graduate of a distinguished Northern institution, who has had several years experience in teaching, both North and South, desires a situation as Teacher in a school of Family—latter preferred. Satisfactory recommendations furnished, and names made known upon application to Wm. P. Taylor, care of Partridge and Britton, 22 Nassau Street, New York.

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**SPIRITUAL REDHUMPS.**

C. HUGHES, Medium for Test Persons, by which the actual presence of the departed can be realized, and for Examining and Relieving, by laying on of hands and speaking.

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**PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.** East India Company, Connecticut. The sick attended to at all hours of day or night. No mineral poisons.

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